



White Room



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Chapter 1 by Constellatio

Home.

It seemed to consist of a white chair, a white table, a few books and a white bed. It struck strange to me that people could connect to a home on an emotional level; that home was a place that you can go when you're scared or was a place where you family would always be.

Maybe it was the fact that I was never in either situation, that I have never been scared nor have I met a single person, let alone have a family.

Maybe it was the fact that I've been here my entire life, living in this 5x5 metre room with no windows or doors and plain white walls, ceiling, and floor.

Maybe it was the fact that I've heard of computers, phones and televisions but only received books from the people outside of this room.

This concept of "home" confused me, how one can so deeply cherish one. In fact, how one can cherish anything so deeply.

But if I were to tell you something I'm sure of about "home" it would be that I wish I would be anywhere but home.

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Chapter 2 by Nathaniel Per

Matter of fact, I lied. I can tell you something I cherish.



No, it's not the bread and water they feed me to maintain my seemingly pointless existence, nor the simple, single-sheet bed I sleep on to pass the time. What I cherish the most is my only escape from "Home", my only contact with outsiders. Books.

My prized library consists of a shabby tower standing almost as tall as me.

Scaling from earliest to latest you'd find copies of Dahl, Rowling, C.S Lewis, and Tolkien, with boring, informational books like "how to change a car tire" or "cooking 101" in-between. Maybe The People could use a good read of the latter, seeing how disgusting the food is that they give me.

At the very top of the tower sits my most recent issue, "The art of war" by Sun Tzu. Though not my favorite genre, science fiction, I've went cover to cover through this one several times.

While eating my daily bread slice, something Sun Tzu had said really struck me. The quote was, "If ignorant of both your enemy and yourself, you are certain to be in peril."

Well, I'm ignorant of both of those, I thought to myself. If I'm going to have any hope of seeing the outside of these walls I'm going to have to listen to Sun and figure out who I am, and who these People really are.

I ran over to my library tower and pulled the base book out, sending all the other ones crumbling down like the castles of fairy tales.

It was a Seuss, "Red Fish Blue Fish", to be exact. My first book ever. Though a huge part of my meaningless existence, I've memorized every page. It'll do.

I ripped a blank page out and simultaneously dipped my finger in my daily water glass. I swirled it like the tornado in "The Wizard of Oz" until my finger was completely wet. On the blank page I used the water on my finger to stain the words "Who am I?" I folded the blank page, slid it under the glass on the white tray, and left it sitting on the table, waiting.

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be mine.

"You are Experiment 70. You are the only subject out of 100 to try to make contact with us. You have completed phase one. Move to the bed in the corner of the room and await further instruction."

Chapter 3 by Holly Jessen



I did as i was told but nothing happend. that night, the next day well i think it was the next day, or ever nothing happended so i asked again what should i do next

Chapter 4 by Elizabeth Stevens



I looked around and there was nothing. Then the loud voice that tells me what to do boomed in my ears.

"Hello again today we are going to do a test to see what you know."

I platform came down from the ceiling and there were thing on this platform that I have never seen in my live. That was a no brainer. So I walk over to it and stored to move thing then I figured out what to do with them. one was a toy of some sort they gave me one when I was little but I didn't have it for long. It had wheels and had something on it. I don't know what it means but it said hot wheels. then there was a rope with to plastic things on it. I still didn't know what they did so I put it down the booming voice yelled at me this time.

"WHAT DO YOU USE THESE OBJECTS FOR. FIGURE IT OUT AND DO IT OR NO FOOD."

I jumped at the sound of his voice I looked at the next object and picked it up. Then my head started hurting. What is going on I can't take it anymore I got and my hands and knees crying. Then it just stopped there was no more pain. I looked at the objects again and I know what they were I know why they were doing this to me. I grabbed the car and played with it for a bit. Then I

grabbed the jump rope and did that for a bit. Then it came to the last object and it was a rubix cube. I grabbed it and finished it. I know what happened.

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